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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1907.

The President and Wall Street.

The flurry in Wall street continues to puzzle all observers, even those on the spot. There is nothing to be apprehensive about, James J. Hill tells us, and the only trouble is an impairment of credit. But the impairment of credit is a very serious thing when 50 per cent of the country's business is done on paper. It matters not whether there be substantial reason for apprehension; a panic may have a merely psychological origin, as the present case proves; the impairment of credit may be as real and disastrous as if the foundations of industry and commerce were being undermined. These considerations are at the bottom of the action of Secretary Cortelyou to contribute all that is within his power to relieve the financial situation.

But, it may be asked, why does not President Roosevelt do something to allay the fears of investors, to curb the anti-railroad and anti-industrial agitation, to discourage legislative attacks upon vested interests by the States? There is a more or less insistent demand for "one word from Roosevelt." This demand springs from two sources—from those who are trying, for political reasons, to fix upon the President responsibility for the predicament in which the railroads find themselves as a result of inability to float their securities, and from others who, with better intentions, to have very confused notions of the power and functions of the Executive, and to imagine that some sort of a benevolent dictatorship has been set up in this country.

Mr. Roosevelt has avoided response to this demand, and so has been trapped into a confession of responsibility for an agitation which it was his duty, according to current Wall street theory, to calm, and having gone beyond reasonable bounds, nor has he been induced to take upon himself the gratuitous and extra-constitutional role of guide and mentor to the State governments. The President, we think, has been wisely guided in maintaining an official silence amid the dissonant clamors assailing him from every side. His position has been sufficiently obvious all along. It was set forth as clearly as possible in his annual message of December last, and later in his Cambridge speech. As to the future, the course of Federal legislation relating to railroads and other corporations is undetermined. The problem of Federal control must be slowly worked out by Congress, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the courts. It cannot be settled by Executive decree, nor even by Executive recommendations, however influential these may prove to be. And so it is useless to call on the President to take the railroads from the States, or the States from the railroads. State legislation may be, in some instances, oppressive and injudicious. The railroads, however, have a remedy for injustice in the courts, and they are promptly resorting to legal measures to protect their interests. It is improbable that any serious injustice to the railroads will stand the scrutiny of the judiciary, and thus the fear that State legislation will run them may turn out to be wholly illusory.

We are confident that when the Wall street fright shall have run its course, our financial conditions will be found to have touched a more substantial foundation than they have had for some time past.

Uncle Shelby Cullom says the tariff ought to be revised and Mr. Harriman ought to be in jail. One seems quite as likely to come true as the other.

Local Option at the South.

The temperance movement at the South is characterized by such persistence and intelligence that it cannot be placed in that category of spasmodic reforms which at times stir the mercurial people of that section to frenzied enthusiasm. Nearly every State on the other side of the Potomac has been perceptibly influenced by the movement, and it seems not unlikely that before a great while the entire South will be the stronghold of the age-long fight against the evils of intemperance. In Kentucky the only counties that have not adopted local option are those in which large cities are situated, and in them the fight is being kept up in a most determined fashion.

In Texas quite a large proportion of counties has swung into the local option movement as in Kentucky. About the same condition exists in Alabama. South Carolina's dispensary law has recently been modified, but not on the side of the opponents of temperance. Tennessee is just now the theater of determined activity against the easy public drinking place, and former Senator Carmack has been offered, if he has not yet accepted, the leadership of the fight for a more rigid dispensation than has heretofore been established by any other Southern State. Parliaments are playing no appreciable part in the movement anywhere in the South, as it has in the North and West.

In certain States of the North and West, notably Maine, Kansas, and Iowa, unfortunately for the cause of temperance, the people have been divided on party lines. The ancient Democratic doctrine of opposition to summary laws has been invoked in these States to hinder the enforcement of statutes and confuse the

public mind. It is notorious that prohibition does not exist in any of them, and that alcoholic beverages are as easily obtainable in all of them as it is in States where drastic legislation has not been enacted. In those parts of the South where local option has been tried it is claimed that it works more effectively than in States which have placed summary laws upon their statutes buttressed by constitutional provisions.

It is a curious fact, however, that with the growth of sane and wholesome temperance sentiment in all parts of the country the consumption of alcoholic beverages is increasing. While disgusting and besotted drunkenness has markedly declined during the life of the present generation of Americans, statistics show that our drink bill is larger, and that our consumption per capita is greater than ever before. It would seem that the cause of real temperance is lying low.

A Boston doctor says "every baby is worth while." Certainly; and a great many of them are worth a second or third-class postmaster'ship.

Unusual Heat on the Isthmus.

We shuddered at the latest news that came throbbing under the sea from Colon, where the good ship Bluecher seems to have been brought to a full stop. We all know what Mr. L. White Busbey, the efficient secretary to the ex-and-prospective-Speaker of the House of Representatives, has said. What we now desire to ascertain is what Uncle Joe himself said, and what he said when he was released from quarantine and stood face to face with this presumptuous, impertinent person, Gorgas.

We confess to utter inability to understand Col. Gorgas' action in compelling the party of Congressmen aboard the Bluecher to conform to the quarantine regulations intended to prevent ordinary men and women taking disease germs into the Canal Zone. Does not this Gorgas know that such notables as the man who runs things in the House; Tawney, the sweet singer; the treasurer of the Republican Congressional Committee, and the ex-Representative from Gloversville, who bore the brunt of the fierce struggle to increase Congressional salaries 50 per cent—does not Gorgas know that they do not even associate with germs, much less travel about with them? Did he not know that he was bringing himself in dangerous proximity to a buzz saw in this belated legislation who are at this point in information concerning the progress of the canal? Does he realize the possibilities of Secretary Busbey's hint that his conduct will be brought to the attention of the administration?

President Roosevelt is credited with the possession of something closely resembling a grudge against the House of Representatives, and it would be just like him to uphold Col. Gorgas' high-handed procedure. The man who keeps the Canal Zone clean and healthful may not lose his official head, therefore, but think how he, and every other denizen of the Zone, will be made to suffer when Uncle Joe and his friends have their inning. It is not cool on the isthmus at this time of the year, even under usual conditions. What will it be when the mercury begins to ascend, pursued by the heat of Uncle Joe's remarks concerning Gorgas and Gorgas' marks?

The situation seems to be one which calls for the most poignant expression of emotion of which humankind is capable. We shudder as we write, and southward across the tropical waters, we send assurances of deepest sympathy to Col. Gorgas and those who labor with him.

March is the month for blustering and blowing. In this respect March is very like the average politician and professional patriot.

Where Bailey Blundered.

The smoke of battle that lately obscured the sunshine of truth, and the rattle of musketry that lately disturbed the peace of Texas, has passed away—it is to be hoped forever! Senator Bailey, a powerful intellect and a great lawyer, has passed through a burning fire of criticism, emerging in condition of least apparent injury, to the friends and admirers, and once more takes his place in the galaxy of the truly great, the worthy, and well-qualified of the Senate.

The time has come when reason may resume its calm and dispassionate sway, and the underlying motives, reasons, and causes leading up to and culminating in the bitter feud that lately raged throughout the Lone Star State may, with propriety, be inquired into.

Senator Bailey's first misstep—and without a first misstep there could have been no subsequent tragedy, or comedy, as you please to call it—was undoubtedly taken when he donned evening dress. By the ever-venerable shade of dead departed Sam Houston, he had sworn not to do it. From San Antonio to El Paso and from the Panhandle to the Gulf he had pledged Texas with promises not to yield—never, no, never. And yet, alas, and likewise alas, yield he did, and fell that night in appearance in claw-hammer coat and waistcoat, immaculate shirt front, creased trousers, and patent-leather shoes marked the beginning of a tale of woe scarce equalled in all the annals of our history!

First, Texas shivered, then wept. Soon amazement gave way to howling indignation, and then burst the storm! It was not oil, nor octopus, nor rat and opulent fees so much that raised the fulsome cyclone of Texas wrath. It was that shattered promise, and that blasting of a fellow citizen! Other things might the land of bowie knives and the Alamo forget, aye, and forgive, but this from Bailey was the most unkindest cut of all. Before this fatal act not one enemy in all that wide expanse of territory reared his head. There stood Bailey, Alexander-like and solitary, the world at his feet and nothing to conquer. Weaving no foe in armor clad upon whose shield he might shiver a lance in battle, he needs must have been a foe, and inflict upon the most of fame the stab that has been his own undoing.

Was ever blind, unreasoning fate more perverse than then? Think what Bailey might have been had not the voice of the tempter fallen welcome in his ear! Texas has given him another term in the Senate. Texas had promised him that—and Texas breaks not its word, no matter how lightly given. But no more will it anger him as "wool-bait Joe." Once, as that fearless and free organ of liberty and outspoken thought as viewed through Texas eyes, the Honey Grove Signal, intimates, let a "commoner" of that land appear "decked out in a coat without a front tail and a vest that touched only the contour of his broad back," and he is a Texan of the Texans no more! He is estopped along his path-way to glory, and his onward march to the summit of greatness is given disastrous and fatal pause.

Under Attorney General Bonaparte's interpretation of the new Texas law, there is no reason why South Carolina should not go right on with its work of inducing the coming of aliens to this State.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE AWAKENING OF WILLIAM.

Bill Wiggins struggled for his tin For years. The poor old chap was always in arrears. Contented to live and dine on his own, he was a little bit of a snob. Within a shop that bore the sign: "Old Junk."

But Bill has hit it rich at last! His home Is now a palace with a vast gilt dome. His warehouse with the same old line of Bull rocs.

But bears outside the magic sign: "Antiques."

The Difference.

"The exiled Bourgeois forgot nothing and learned nothing." "It was not so," the insurance king. They forgot everything and learned a heap."

The Latest.

"Doctor, my son is excessively diffident." "Indeed, he has a very rare ailment." "Yes," he is troubled with ingrowing ego."

In Sprague.

And now again I arrive to plague you That precious twain, Fever 'n' ague.

Wife's Opinion.

"Here comes the breadwinner." "Whom do you mean?" "Your husband." "Breadwinner is about right. No cake or pie for us while the races are on."

An Impossible Conversation.

"In addition to shaving me, you may give me a hair cut." "Better wait a week, sir. You don't need one now."

Foxy.

"My feet weren't really so small," the plained Cinderella. "But the prince thought so." "Yes," the only girl in town who didn't wear spats."

ADRIFF WITH THE TIMES.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

Going to the Game.

Oh, how they jam and push and squeeze— Baseball fanatics are these. All perform with the best of grace, Who climb aboard the trolley cars, And ride into the park, where they Are wild to see the home team play.

What eagerness on every face! How anxiously they reach the place Where Casey will pick up the "stick" And knock a home run, while the thick, Hoarse shouts of each and every fan Do rend the skies to praise the man.

Delight, you'll find has many kinds, For frivolous and sober minds, But none of them is greater than That of a fan who goes to a baseball game. And makes all other joys seem tame Beside a fast, exciting game.

Sure.

All a dream, this life is? Say, Don't we still have bills to pay?

Ripples.

No hen ever laid a bet. It would be a great thing if bedbugs Would sleep at night when people do. Even when the worm turns, what can he do?

What's the use of being rich, when it is so easy to be poor?

Your little self, do most for you in life?

Out of Reach.

Thou' spring is near, As poets say, My new spring suit Is far away.

Money Talks, You Know.

Since all that talk of tainted wealth Is now no longer heard, Perchance we'll hear the coin itself Put in a parting word.

TO AVOID TARIFF WARS.

Why Not Provide for Automatic Reciprocity with All Nations?

From the Boston Transcript.

Wars of tariff retaliation never pay. They are survivals of the commercially dark ages, and enlightened statesmen seek to avoid them. At present, in the opinion of a large element of our responsible public men and of business men who have studied the commercial outlook in a broad way, the juncture is one that offers many arguments for closing quickly with any proposal granting us concessions in foreign markets that is at all reasonable in its provisions. France has virtually put the extreme maximum in operation against our trade, and the State Department admits that it has nothing to offer to secure more favorable treatment. We are opposed by high tariff barriers that may be made higher in Italy, Austria, and Switzerland. Germany suspends for a while the operation of its tariff against us as an act of comity. A formal European tariff union of Europe hostile to the United States is an impossibility, but the simultaneous action of several European nations in beginning to have much the same effect.

Could the next session of Congress do a wiser thing than to provide for automatic reciprocity by leaving our present tariff the maximum, and granting a reduction of say 20 per cent to nations that extended us concessions in their markets? Such a decision would be tariff revision, protection of our export trade, and maintenance or expansion of our foreign markets.

Our Own Ministers.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Bones—Mistah Webster, kin yo' tell me de difference 'tween a dude an' a prize dawg?

Interlocutor—No, William! I am sorry to differ 'tween a dude and a prize dawg?

Bones—De one's a mollycoddle an' de eldadt's a model colly.

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission the world-renowned vocalist Herr Whooperstrong will now sing that beautiful ballad entitled, "Be Kind to the Cook; She Has Fits."

ONE MOLLYCODDLE.

He runs through childhood play all day; He uses ball and bat, And whistles away his hour away. By testing dog and cat, And when the shadows come again, The rougher pastimes close; He's willing to be called, right then, A mollycoddle boy.

He climbs the raincoat, slides downstairs And oftentimes, alas! The path of this young shining lad With strewn with broken glass, But when he seeks his mother's arms With whine, with night, comes joy, For 'tis not lost, for new alarms— Our mollycoddle boy!

Beginning Early.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Nobody supposes that the little four-year-old had ever paid any attention to the conversation of the family concerning church matters, but she had.

"Flossie," said the caller, "won't you come and sit on my knee?"

"No, thank you," answered Flossie. "Mr. Pincham, aren't you going to give me more than \$1 for the support of the gospel this year?"

Southern Immigration.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

Under Attorney General Bonaparte's interpretation of the new Texas law, there is no reason why South Carolina should not go right on with its work of inducing the coming of aliens to this State.

Our mollycoddle boy!

—Denver Republican.

MEN AND THINGS.

Keene Seeks Defeat.

James R. Keene, the wizard of Wall street, visited the White House not long ago, and it is said that he submitted some remarks. Mr. Keene made much money through his insight into the ultimate effect of legislation, administration, and politics generally upon market values. He was a Roosevelt man in 1904. He is said to have told the President that the Republican party is already doomed to defeat in the Presidential election next year. Furthermore, he declared that the country "has been on cliffs" for a number of years; that wages and living expenses have been absurdly high; that the environments of both capital and labor have been out of plumb; and that the real key to the situation by which the country is to return to something like the normal simple life of bygone days is through a revision of the tariff, to which, according to Mr. Keene's interpretation, the Republican party was practically committed in its national platform of 1904. To none of these suggestions, it is reported, did the President say "yes" or "no," and the wizard of Wall street returned to his money market no wiser as to the views or purposes of the President than when he came over here.

New Swedish Minister.

The diplomatic corps will soon contain a member unique in many respects. Mr. Lagercrantz, recently appointed Minister from Sweden to the United States, at one time held a commission in one of the King's crack regiments, but gave it up for a commission in the Salvation Army. He devoted himself to saving souls in the slums of London and India for several years. Then he left the Salvation Army because he decided that he could serve the cause of humanity in other ways equally well. He is a member of the Swedish parliament, being part owner of one of the biggest steel manufacturing plants in Sweden. He and Gen. Booth, head of the Salvation Army, are close personal friends, and the Swedish diplomat will entertain at his residence Gen. Booth whenever that great evangelist shall visit Washington.

Lecture on Journalism.

The University of Missouri is one of the few institutions of learning in the country which has established and successfully maintained a school of journalism. At its head is Walter B. Williams, one of the most widely known country editors in the United States. Mr. Williams has adopted the custom of inviting well-known newspaper men to deliver addresses to his journalistic scholars, thus giving the embryonic Greeley and Watermans and Pulitzers an opportunity to learn first-hand just what a real newspaper man is required to do. Numerous Washington correspondents have accepted Mr. Williams' invitation to lecture at the university, and this year he has secured the services of Jewell H. Aubert, chief of the bureau of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and D. Hastings MacAdam, chief of the St. Louis Republic's bureau, to visit Columbia and talk to the school of journalism. They will tell the students something in detail of the work of the Washington correspondent, how news of importance is obtained, the relations between newspaper men and public men at the Capital, &c. It is expected that their lectures will attract to Columbia large crowds of representative persons from all parts of the country, as both are well known in that State.

Tillman Denies.

In a letter to a friend in Washington, Senator Tillman denies outright the report that after his recent lecture at Martinsburg, Va., he was embroiled in a sensational dispute at the Berkeley Club of that city. He stated that he was never more hospitably entertained than by the members of this club, and that he is utterly at a loss to know how the widespread report gained currency that the members set upon him vehemently for his more or less harsh criticisms of President Roosevelt.

Senator Tillman spoke at Cumberland, Md., Monday night on the race question. He was introduced to the audience in a laudatory address by former Senator Wellington, who indulged in some rather tart expressions concerning the administration. Mr. Wellington, it will be remembered, got at cross-purposes with the McKinley administration in 1890, and supported Bryan in 1896. Since then he has been co-operating with the Republicans in Western Maryland, but he is beginning to talk as if he intends again to oppose his party.

Another College Athlete.

George W. Woodruff is the latest college athlete of renown who has been selected by the President for important work in the public service. By direction of the President Mr. Woodruff recently was taken from the staff of Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot and appointed to the Department of Justice as Assistant Attorney General. He was a distinguished athlete at Yale and was captain of the basketball team in his senior year. He practiced law several years before entering the Forest Service under Mr. Pinchot. Mr. Woodruff is an expert with the gloves and also is rated as one of the best tennis players of Washington. It is said that he has not played on the White House court yet, but that his name has been placed upon the list of those eligible to play there.

Rockhill a Marylander.

Next to Ambassador White, recently transferred from Rome to Italy, W. W. Rockhill, United States Minister to China, is the most famous Marylander now in the diplomatic service. Like Ambassador White, Minister Rockhill comes of Democratic stock, but, like the latter, he joined the Republican party in the big split-up of 1896. Mr. Rockhill was Minister to Greece in the last Cleveland administration, and soon after his recall from that post, President McKinley, whom he supported, utilized his services in various important capacities. Mr. McKinley sent him to China on a special mission during the Boxer troubles in 1900, and so pleased was the President with the manner in which he acquitted himself that Mr. Rockhill was made chief of the Bureau of American Republics in Washington. He held this place until President Roosevelt sent him to Pekin to succeed Mr. Conger, of Iowa.

Minister Rockhill is rated as an expert on far Eastern affairs. He has written voluminously on Oriental politics, and his articles have attracted wide attention in Europe. He speaks, dresses, and looks more like an Englishman than an American, and is regarded as perhaps the handsomest man in this country's diplomatic service. It is said that Mr. Rockhill has mastered both Russian and Chinese sufficiently to converse with ease in those difficult languages.

Alabama's Governors.

A paragraph in this column recently directing attention to the fact that five of Missouri's ex-governors are living and that this was probably a greater number of living ex-governors than could be claimed by any other State, has developed the circumstance that Alabama also has five former governors still alive. They are Rufus W. Cobb, elected in 1855 and 1860; Thomas G. Jones, elected in 1850 and 1852; William C. Oates, elected in 1864; Joseph F. Johnston, elected in 1866 and 1868; and William D. Jelks, who succeeded to the office on the death of William F. Stanford and was elected to a full term in 1902.

OUR NAVIGATION LAWS.

Instance in Which They Operate to Retard Marine Enterprise.

From the Norfolk Virginia-Pilot.

A striking illustration of the manner in which our antiquated navigation laws operate to hamper the development of American shipping is furnished by the steamer Marie, formerly the Spanish tramp Euskar, which was stranded in the West Indies some five years ago and was abandoned by her owners. She was afterward floated by the Merritt & Chapman Wrecking Company, towed to Hampton Roads, repaired, and offered for sale. No purchaser, however, offered, for the reason that having been constructed in a foreign country the steamer was debarred from American registry, and, therefore, from the coastwise trade. For five years she has been tied up at a dock at this port, "a ship without a flag," of no use to anyone. Under the last special act of Congress is required to place the ship under the American flag, and this Congress has so far refused to enact. Her owners, however, are now confident of securing the legislation necessary to admit the steamer to American registry, and acting upon this confidence have given her the name Marie and sent her to New York to be placed in condition for service. At this time the Marie, owned by Americans, has been beginning to make a name for herself as a fast ship, but she is not that of the Euskar, the wonder is not that our shipping is declining, but that we have any at all other than that engaged in the coastwise trade.

WHY CLEMENS WAS SILENT.

It Was Because He Didn't Want to Interrupt the Kaiser.

Mark Twain, in North American Review.

A couple of days ago a gentleman called upon me with a message (from the German Emperor). * * * The wording of the message to me was:

"Convey to Mr. Clemens my kindest regards. Ask him if he remembers that dinner and ask him why he didn't do any talking."

Why, how could I talk when he was talking? He "held the ace," as the poker-players say, and two can't talk at the same time with good effect. It reminds me of the man who was approached by a friend who said:

"I think it a shame that you have not spoken to your wife for fifteen years. How do you explain it? How do you justify it?"

"The poor man said: 'I didn't want to interrupt her.'"

If the Emperor had been at my table he would not have suffered from my silence; he would only have suffered from the sorrows of his own solitude. If I were not too old to travel I would go to Berlin and introduce the etiquette of my own table which tallies with the etiquette observable at other royal tables. I would say: "I have wide powers in some respects, but I waive rank and do all the talking myself. I thank his majesty for his kind message and am proud to have it and glad to express my sincere reciprocation of its sentiments."

GOVERNED BY COMMISSION.

Memphis the Latest City to Adopt the Galveston Plan.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Memphis is the latest city to have its old form of government by mayor and council stripped off and to be placed under a commission consolidating the powers of both executive and legislative branches. This form of government has worked well elsewhere, but unfortunately the accounts of the change in the Memphis papers make it clear enough that a factional party struggle has been involved in the present change, and so many confused incidental issues are involved that only the outcome will prove whether the new charter is to be for the good or for the evil of the city.

There is to be a commission of five members, all of whom are to be appointed at once by the governor, thus turning all the present officials out of office. Their commissions are to hold good, however, only until a year from next fall, when the people are to elect their successors. There will, however, be no other elective officials except one municipal judge. The commissioners will divide the city departments among them and appoint such other officials as they need, including a treasurer, a comptroller, and a counselor.

The new charter has been drafted by the city limits. It is significant of the forces behind the new charter that they do not have power to regulate the schedules and service of street car companies, and that a referendum vote on franchises can be had only on the petition of 1,000 qualified voters, all of whom must be owners of realty. One peculiarity in the charter is that the commission has power to regulate buildings for ten miles outside the city limits.

One would think a great deal more of this charter if the powers of the commission with respect to traction service were more liberal. The last of the present government had been permitted to continue in existence till the new officials were elected. There seems no excuse anywhere for a legislature to upset a city in this way. The commission is a great improvement on the force is superior, and Mr. Stevens will have left a record that will redound to his everlasting credit.

Ways of Showing Benevolence.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The impulse to give largely to a benevolent enterprise commonly strikes a man at a time of life when he lacks the energy and the disposition to assume a heavy responsibility. Having devoted many years to the accumulation of a fortune he shrinks from the severe toll of building a new business. He is strongly tempted to make use of existing agencies, although they may not exactly meet his views. Doubtless, Mr. Rockefeller was fortunate in being in full sympathy with the new method of doing good, and his education board, as he was in being able to trust to the judgment of President Harper. Mrs. Sage, on the contrary, has ideas of her own, and sees the importance of having a method of her own. She has devoted to social advancement.

No Reactionary Wanted.

From the Kansas City Times.

The Republican party faces a crisis. It would be ruined if it could force upon the country a reactionary candidate against the reasonable resistance to special privilege aggression, and the people also face a crisis. Between this "special privilege aggression" and the extreme of destructive radicalism the Roosevelt force of the square deal has been the great conservator of American institutions and popular prosperity. It is absolutely essential that that conservative square deal force shall be prolonged until it has adjusted the political and economic life upon a firm and unshakable basis.

THE TEDDY BEAR KIND.

From the New York Times.

William was a bashful critter. He never would turn the gas down. He never would turn the gas down. He never would turn the gas down.

One fine evening he was calling On his Arabella fair, And he asked her to be a chuckle, Would he be her Teddy Bear?

"Am I like a bear?" he asked her, And she answered, with a shrug, "You are like the Teddy kind, For you just stare and never hug."

—Lovers' Statements.

AT THE HOTELS.

When Hon. Nathan Frank, the intellectual and successful St. Louis lawyer, was in Congress a good many years ago, he fashioned out of his own clever mind the bill providing for the eleventh decennial census, and had the gratification of seeing the bill as framed by him become a law without debate in the House, a thing that had never before happened. It took ability of no small caliber to make as good a census bill as Mr. Frank originated. One of the problems was to apportion rightly the great increase in the number of Representatives, and to so arrange things that no State should lose in its representation.

"I am always glad to get back to Washington, for I like this beautiful old town," said Mr. Frank, at the New Willard.

"In coming this time I am combining business with pleasure, for I have been seeing people with reference to holding the Republican national convention of 1908 in St. Louis. As chairman of the Business Men's League conventions committee I did something toward securing our city the Republican convention of 1896, and this time I am going to see that the Democratic convention of 1904, St. Louis is not excelled in its ability to care for great gatherings by any town in the nation."

"Yesterday, in a pleasant talk with the President, I sought to enlist his friendly assistance for St. Louis. The President is always polite, and he made me a nice answer, but he also made me remember that this forthcoming national convention was 'none of his funeral.'"